

summer by ReblDOMakr

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Billy Hargrove

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-09

Updated: 2018-02-09

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:02:08

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 922

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Joyce hasn't figured out why Billy Hargrove is sitting in the living room with her son.

summer

Author's Note:

drabble. unchecked for mistakes

The summer of 1985 was not record breaking hot, but it certainly came close in Hawkins. Hot enough for everything to slow down. Cars that were drove for too long overheated and steamed in the middle of the road. Popsicles melted almost faster than you could devour them, covering hands in sticky, colored sugar. People were wearing as little clothes as they could without being indecent or breaking any laws. Bikini tops and daisy dukes, linen shorts matched with wife beaters, or shirtless boys wearing swimsuit trunks.

Will Byers was too shy to ride around town shirtless or even in a pair of shorts. Instead, he wore one of his brother's t-shirts that hung off him like trash bags and linen pants that were kept on him with a rope belt. In the comfort of his home, however, he proudly slipped on clothes that his mom outgrew ages ago but had never thrown out. Inside his room, he only wore his underwear- or even less than that.

It was August. The summer had to becoming to an end soon, but it was the hottest month so far. Even Will's friends considered it too hot to leave their air conditioned homes. The Byers' had two different air conditioners. One was in Joyce's room and the other was placed in the living room. The door to his mom's room was kept tightly closed, so she could come home from work and sleep comfortably. The conditioner in the living room wasn't enough to cool everything off, even though it was aided with multiple fans scattered around the entire house.

He was wearing cloth shorts that didn't go past his mid-thigh, clinging to sweat-wet skin. The wife beater was too big, but it was more comfortable than a t-shirt. The only cool place he's been in all summer was Steve Harrington's house, which the Party slipped off to as often as they could because the place had a central air system that kept it as cool as the arctic.

Joyce was home that afternoon, after managing to snatch up the third

shift for the entire week. She wanted to try to be home with her sons, but Jonathon was out doing *something* and Will was already at the age where he would rather be by himself than hang out with his mom. She expected Mike to come over maybe, or one of his other friends. Only Mike had left with the entire Wheeler family on a vacation to Minnesota, Lucas was caught up in Max, and Dustin was well, Joyce didn't know what Dustin was doing.

Sitting with Will in the living room wasn't one of his friends. Nope. Joyce hadn't figured it out why yet, but Billy Hargrove was next to her youngest son shirtless with a pair of orange basketball shorts hanging low on his hips. Wisps of blond hair was curled up onto his stomach, leading from the forbidden zone that she's caught her son glancing at more than once.

She was waiting for Jonathon to come home from- whatever he was doing. Joyce should ask him more about what he does when he isn't at school, working, or with Nancy. He rarely seemed to be home. She hoped he would know why Billy Hargrove, the young man who had beat up Steve and had attacked Lucas, was sitting with Will.

She dipped her glass of cold water, and glanced at the two boys in the living room again. That was when Billy Hargrove's hand moved from his side to grasp Will's thigh, tugging the boy even closer than he was previously. Joyce could see the flush on her son from where she was standing.

Billy Hargrove twisted his neck and looked straight into her eye. He smirked. His hand moved up.

The water got stuck in her throat and Joyce coughed. Startled, Will jumped away from Billy and glanced over at her.

"Mom? Are you okay?" He questioned, eyes wide. He looked too innocent to understand Billy's advances. Joyce knew damn well what Billy had just played, but he didn't. Couldn't have. Could he?

"I'm fine." Joyce said. She brought the glass tighter to her body, gripping it tight. She wanted to escape to her bedroom, but she also didn't want to leave the two of them alone.

“Didn’t say she’s been working a lot?” Billy said, voice a deep purr. “How about we leave, I think my dad’s out. We can hang out in my room. I’ll bring you home tonight.”

Will bit his lip. “Mom, can I go?” He asked.

“I don’t know-“ Joyce began.

“Mom, please?” Will begged, leaning forward over the back of the couch. Billy’s tongue darted out and ran slow across his bottom lip, eyes caught on the skin revealed as Will’s shirt rode up.

The look made her feel sick. Joyce closed her eyes. She remembered herself when she was a teenager. Her own mother must’ve been horrified on the daily. She opened her eyes. It almost hurt to nod her head.

Will beamed and jumped off of the couch. “I’ll go change-“

“No.” Billy cut him off. “Come on, Will. Just get some shoes on and let’s go.” He said, standing up.

Will hesitated only slightly before he bobbed his head. “Alright.” He said.

Joyce tried not to fret when she saw Billy’s car peel out of the driveway. She had known her son wasn’t like most boys, but she hoped he would at least make wise decisions. Unlike than the ones she’s made.

Author's Note:

I wrote more to this where Will and Billy bang in Billy's bedroom, buuut it was unfinished sooo unposted. Also, I ought to be working on the new chapter to aimless but i'm not cuz idk